

# Ye Olde Songs

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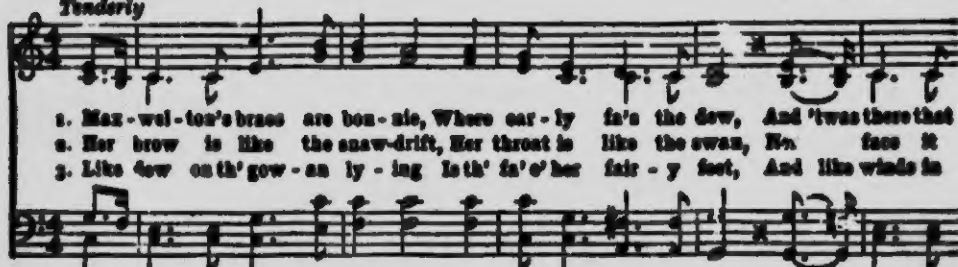
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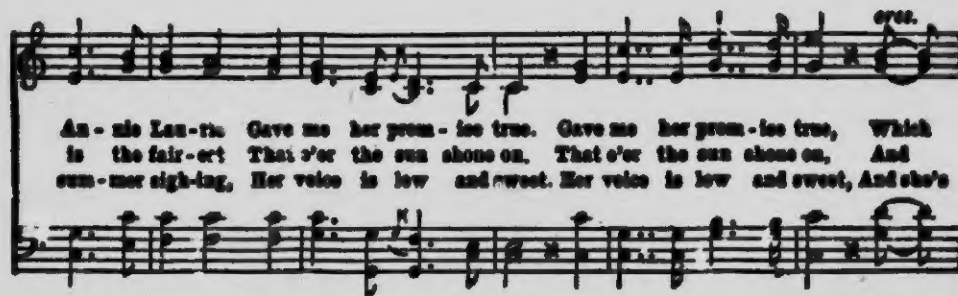
### Annie Laurie

Lady JOHN SCOTT

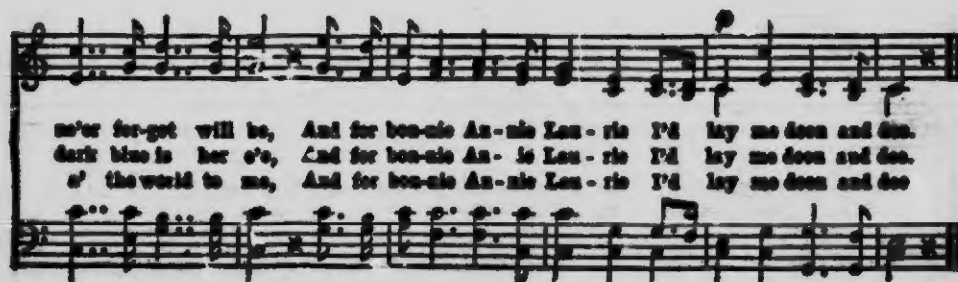
*Tenderly*



1. Max-wel-ton's brass are bon-nie, Where ear-ly in's the dew, And 'twas there that  
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, On face it  
3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly-ing in th' fa'e her fair-y feet, And like winds in

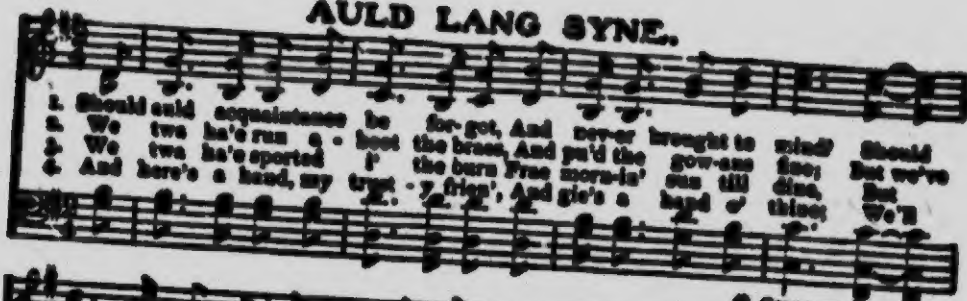


An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true. Gave me her prom-ise true, Which  
is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And  
sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

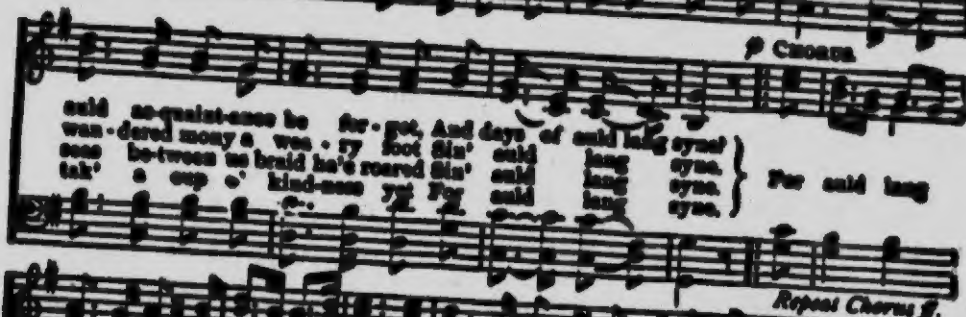


ne'er for-get will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and die.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and die.  
o' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and die

## AULD LANG SYNE.



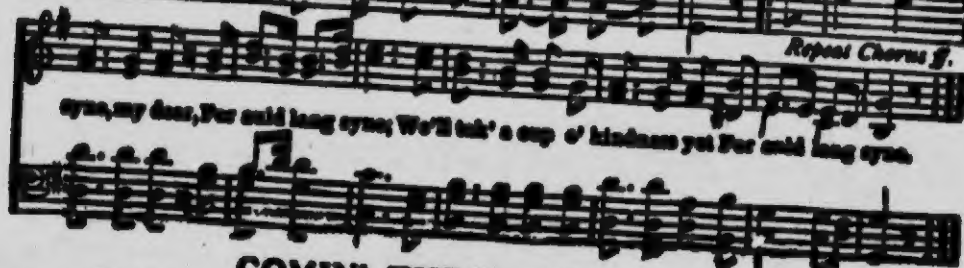
1. Should auld acquaintances be for-got, And never brought to mind? Should  
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've  
 3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-ing sun till e'en, But  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



ould acquaintances be for-got, And days of auld lang syne!  
 wan-dered mony a we - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
 een be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

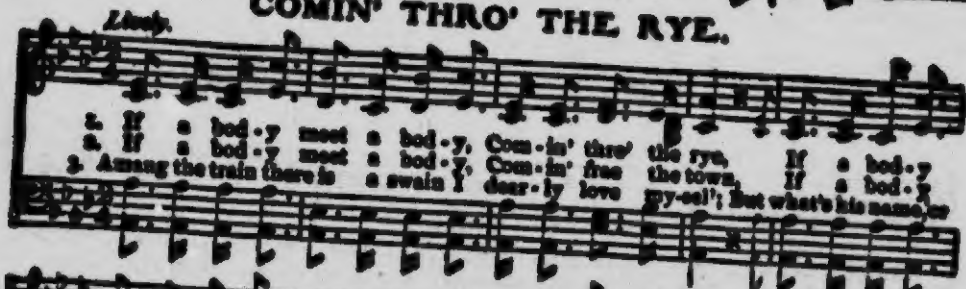
*Chorus*

*Repeat Chorus f.*

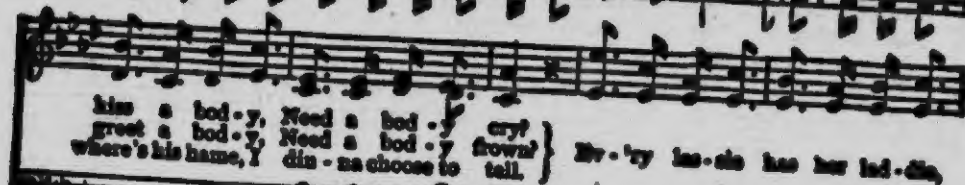


syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

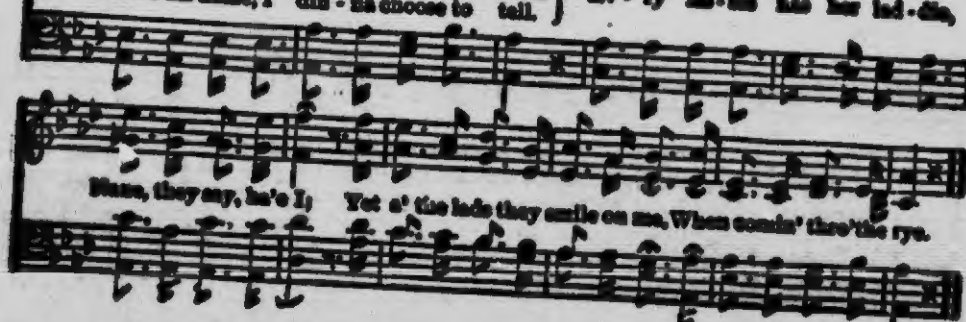


*And.*  
 1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y  
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y  
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, he



him a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?  
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?  
 where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.

Ev-'ry lassie has her lad-die,



Then, they say, he's I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

# Sweet and Low.

*pp Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;  
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the  
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Come.....  
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, All : : ver

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,  
sails all out of the west, Un - der the all - ver moon  
sails out of the west,

*Rall. e dim.*

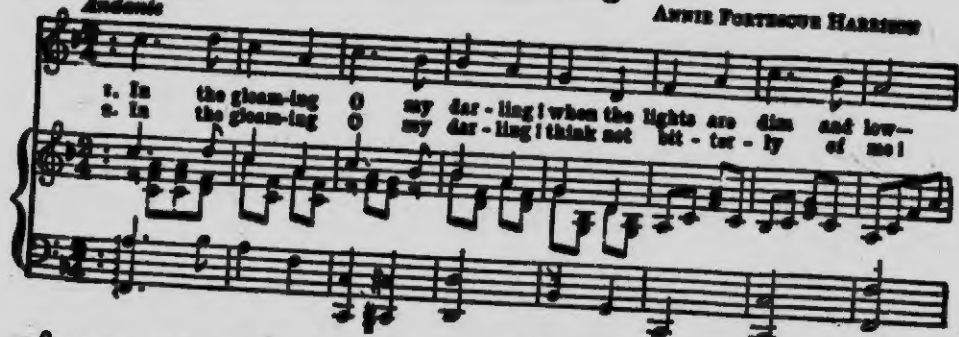
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....  
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

4  
META ORREN  
*Andante*

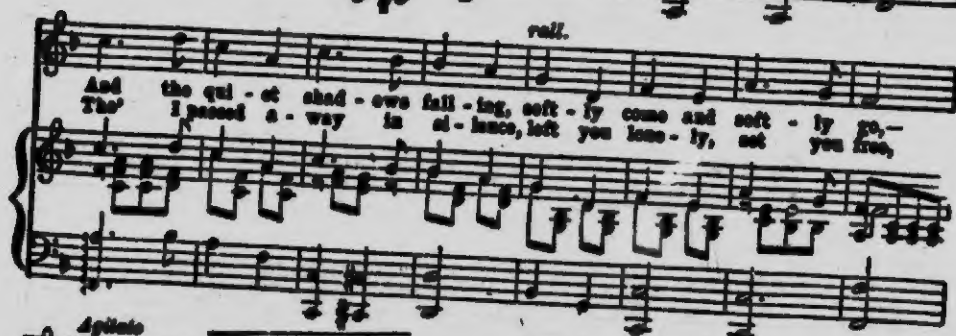
# In the Gloaming

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

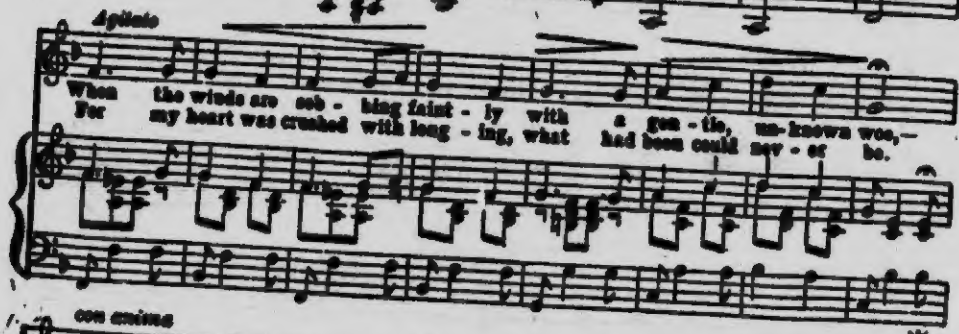
1. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low-  
2. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me!



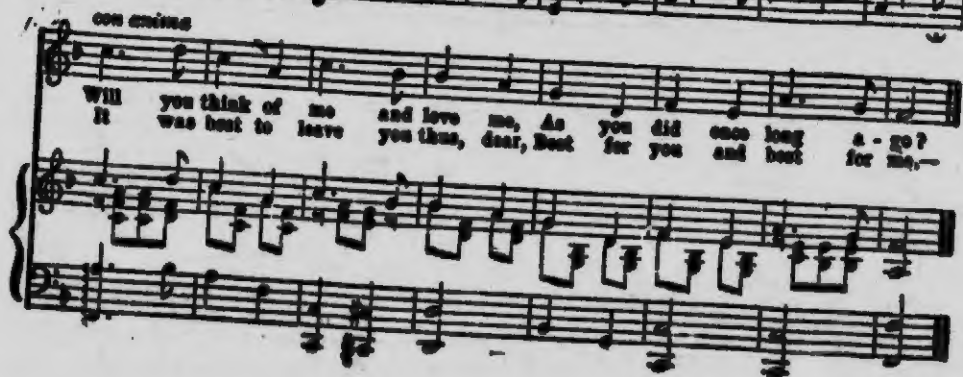
*rall.*  
And the qui-et shades fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,-  
The I passed a-way in sil-lence, left you lone-ly, not you free,



*Allegro*  
When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly with a gen-tle, un-known woe,-  
For my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be.



*con anima*  
Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a-go?  
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for me,-





# The Maple Leaf for ever.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lan-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven

be-re came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair-do-  
side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and so-bly  
Noct-ua Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-tuous store a-  
sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald

main- Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-  
died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them  
bound- And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not  
isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and fur-est

gather, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!  
never! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!  
quiver And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!  
God save our King, and Hea-ven-bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!

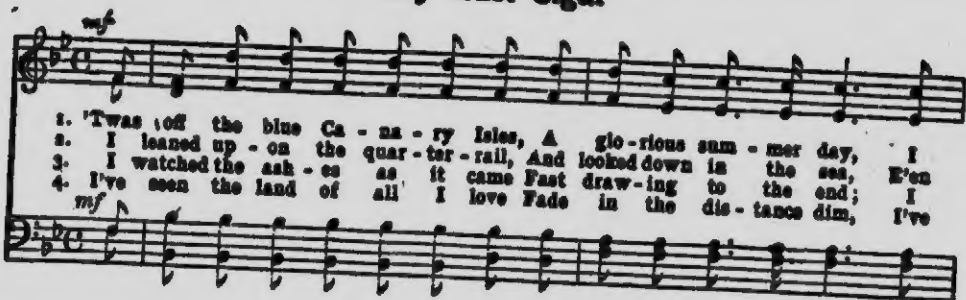
## CHORUS.

1. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! God
2. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! God
3. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! And
4. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! God

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!  
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!  
flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!  
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!

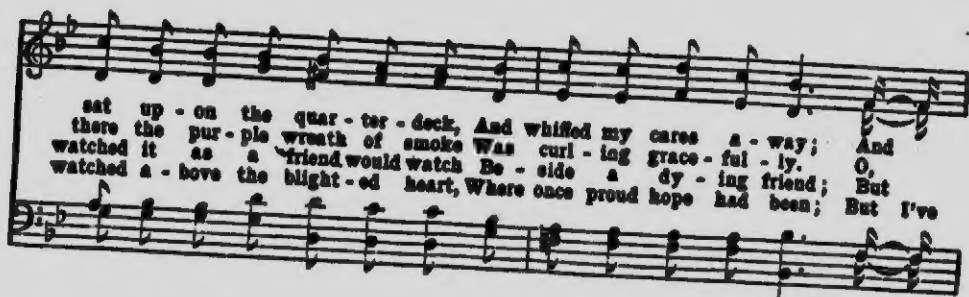
# My Last Cigar

*mf*

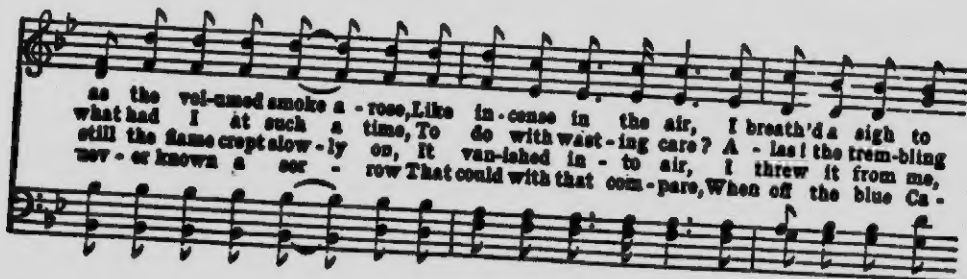


1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, I  
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en  
 3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I  
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've

*mf*



sat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And  
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O,  
 watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But  
 watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've

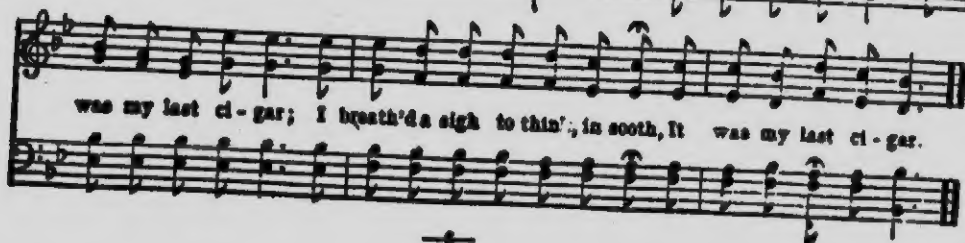


as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to  
 what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - last the trem - bling  
 still the same crept slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,  
 nev - er known a sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca -

*f* REFRAIN.



think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It  
 tear pre - claimed It was my last ci - gar.  
 spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.  
 na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.



was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to thin', in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

# THE DEAREST SPOT.

7

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've  
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. C. — The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've  
*Fine.*

longed to see Is home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are  
lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are

longed to see Is home, sweet home.

D. C.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home.  
so u - ni - ted; All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

## JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin - g'ring falls the south - ern moon; Far o'er the moun - tain,  
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam - ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dream are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear - y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal  
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal



## JUANITA—Con.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Mi - tal Jan - ni - tal Lean thou on my heart,  
 Let me lin - ger by thy side! Mi - tal Jan - ni - tal Be my own fair bride!

## ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, The storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,

Be - care I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save,  
 Or shal' the tem-pest's fer - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,—

I know Thou wilt not alight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall;  
 In o - cean cove still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

# STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

9

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in you as-ure deeps, Hide, hide your  
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down you west-ern steep, Sink, sink in  
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in

gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
all-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

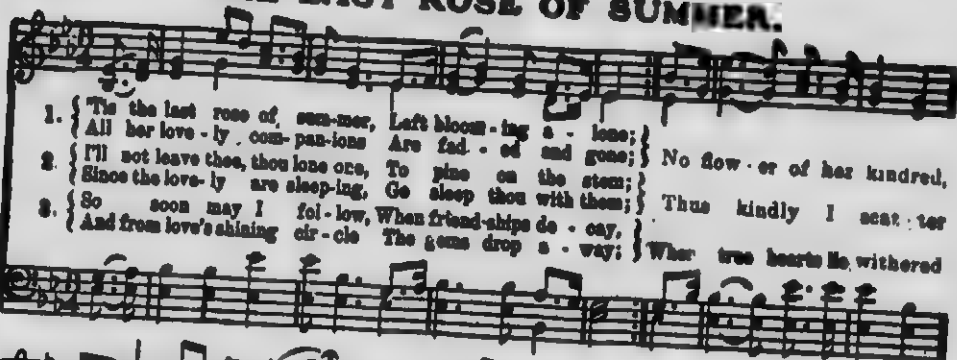
1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a-way,  
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,  
2. When I was play-ing with my broth-er, When I was young  
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, Hap-py was I;  
When will I see de bet-s a-hum-ming All roan' de comb?

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old I stay.  
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old I am at home.  
Dere man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.  
Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.  
Still sad-ly to my mem-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove,  
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

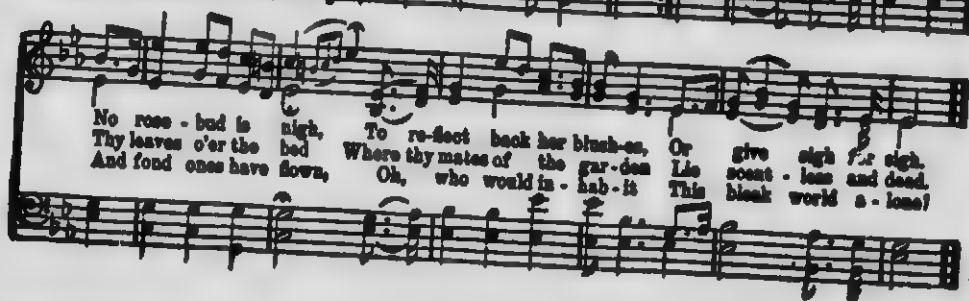
D.B.—Oh! darbies, how my heart grows near-y, Far from de old folks at home.  
REFRAIN.

All de world is sad and drear-y, Ev-ry-where I roam;

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

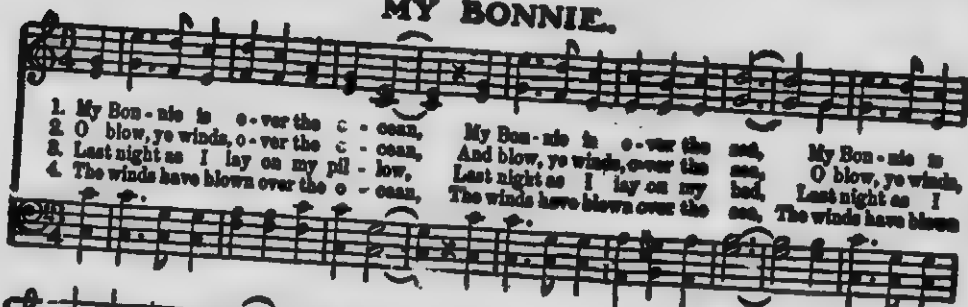


1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; } No flow-er of her kindred,  
 { All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; }  
 2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kindly I scatter  
 { Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; }  
 3. { So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, }  
 { And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way; } When tree hearts be withered

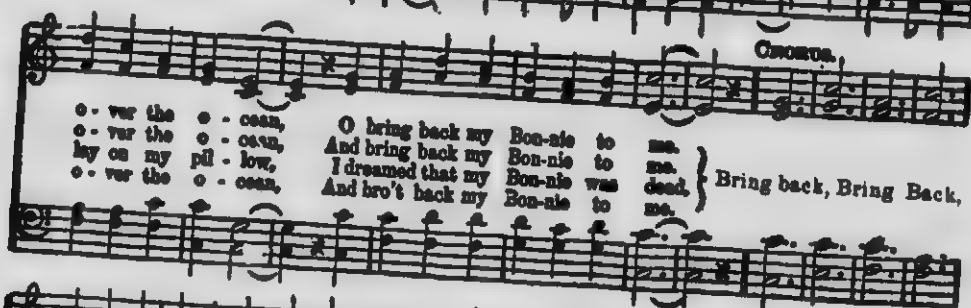


No rose-bud is nigh, To re-act back her blush-on, Or give sigh for sigh,  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead,  
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!

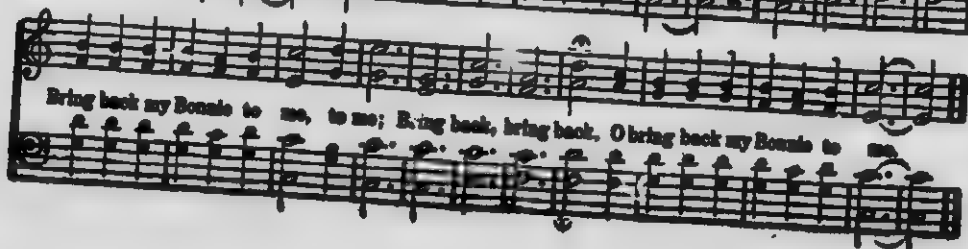
## MY BONNIE.



1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is  
 2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,  
 3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I  
 4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown



o-ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
 o-ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
 lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead, } Bring back, Bring Back,  
 o-ver the o - cean, And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.



Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

# UNCLE NED.

11

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go long a-go.
- 2 His fingers were long as the cane in the brake. And he had no eyes for to see;
- 3 One cold, frost-y morn-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.  
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.  
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a - gain.

REFRAIN. Bass Solo.

Harmony

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;

For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where t' good darkies go.

# THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

J. Kinkel.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, I
2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing, The
3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll

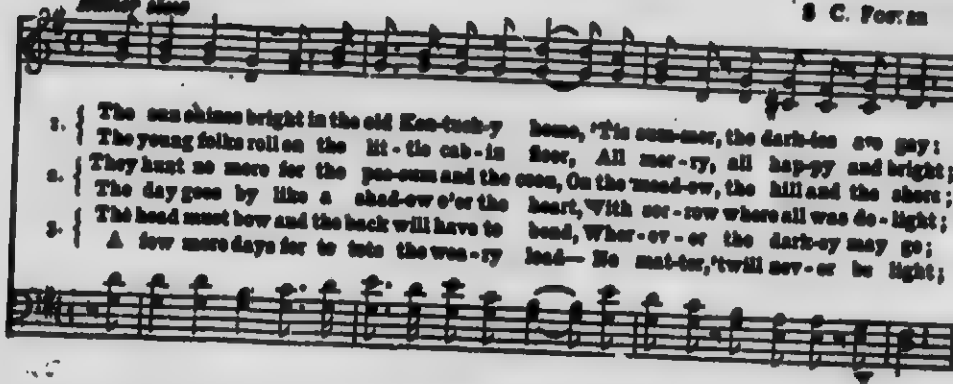
go where honor calls me.  
For a stern host are nearing.  
Breathe thy dear name, dying.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

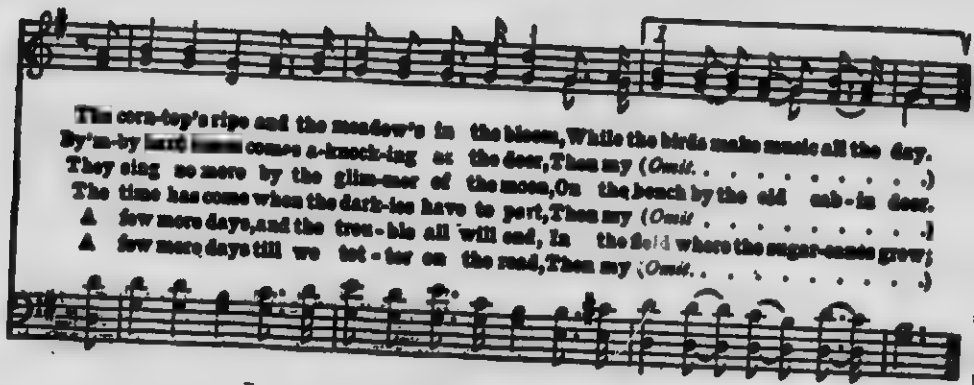
# My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. Foster

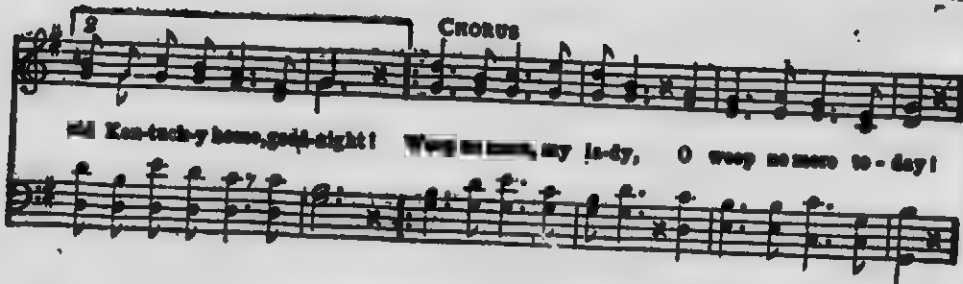
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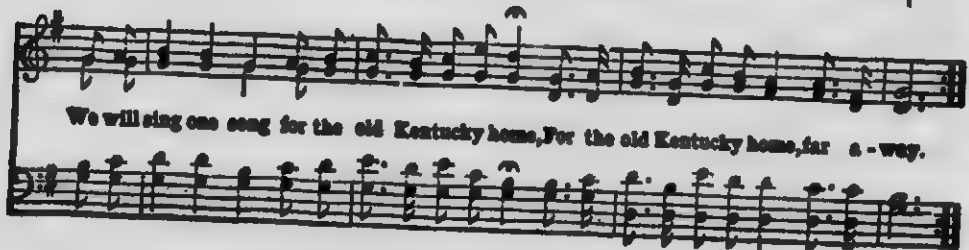
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;  
 The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;  
 The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;  
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Whar-ev-er the dark-ey may go;  
 A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;



The corn-ty's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.  
 By'm-by hart comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my (Omit. . . . .)  
 They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.  
 The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (Omit. . . . .)  
 A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the fold where the sugar-canes grow;  
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (Omit. . . . .)



CHORUS  
 old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Wee-wee, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!



We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.



## The Old Cabin Home

12

the sun gay;  
 gay and bright;  
 and the shore;  
 was do-light;  
 they may go;  
 or be light;



**2-way.**

*p Allegro.***DIXIE LAND.**

Dan. Emmet

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not fer-got-ten, Look a-  
 2. Old Mis-ers mar-ry Will, de was-ber, Will-um was a gay de-ces-er; Look a-  
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greeb'er, Look a-

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in,  
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er He  
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-ers act-ed the fool-ish part, And

Bar-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.  
 smiled as ferocious as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.  
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.  
 CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hee-ray! Hee-ray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand To live and die in

Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Mis-ers,  
 And all de gals dat want to kine us;  
 Look away! etc.  
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,  
 Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' 'Ingen' better,  
 Makes you fat or a little fatter  
 Look away! etc.  
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,  
 Look away! etc.

**We'll Pay Paddy Doyle**

CHANTY SONG

Way - ay - ay, ... ah! We'll pay Pad-dy Doyle for his boots!

# Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER

13

*Andante*

*mf*  
Gild - ed by us, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter this door - way, 'tis love that in - vites;

*mf*  
All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri - umph - ant for - ev - er u - nites.

Cham - pion of vir - tue, bold - ly ad - vance, Flow'rs of all beau - ty, gen - tly ad - vance;

*p*  
Now the loud mirth of rev - 'ling is - and - ed, Night, bring - ing peace and bliss, has de -

*D.C.*  
scend - ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap - pi - ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on - ly blest!

*2*  
um - ph - ant for ev - er u - nites, for - ev or u - nites.

## Lead, Kindly Light.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-ling gloom,  
 was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
 So long Thy pow'r hadst kept me, there it still

Lead Thou me on! The night is  
 Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home;  
 choose and see my path; but now  
 tea, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I  
 Lead Thou me on! I loved the  
 The night is gone, And with the

do not ask to see..... The dis-tant scene; one w-ough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will. No-men, nor not past years!  
 an-gel to see smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

## The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

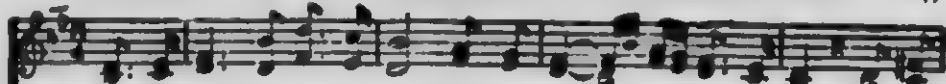
1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone!  
 2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell?  
 3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die! Sup-pose, and sup-

where is your High-land lad - die gone! He's gone to fight the foe, for King  
 where does your High-land lad - die dwell! He dwelt in o'er-ry Scot-land, at the  
 pose that your High-land lad should die! The bag-pipe shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
 sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.  
 lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

# WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

17



1. When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the se - e are scat-tered lie, When from
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or-ange grove, When the
3. Hush, my bee - why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes con-tain, Tho' on



nei-ther hill nor dale Chants the sil-v'ry night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding  
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding  
earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-



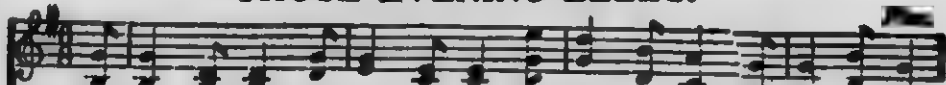
heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,  
heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,  
ah, Yield-ing to these words be-lief; I' shall see thy form a-gain,



Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?  
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?  
Though to-day we part a-gain, Though to-day we part a-gain.



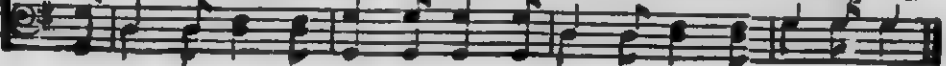
## THOSE EVENING BELLS.



1. Those eve-ning bells! those eve-ning bells! How man-y a tale their mu-sic tells,
2. Those joy-ous hours have passed a-way; And man-y a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That those fel-lows will still ring on,



Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.  
With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.  
While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.





## LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. Bayly.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;  
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;  
 3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,

8 *Fine.*  
 Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 You by more el-o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

*D. S.*—Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
*D. S.*—Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
*D. S.*—Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

*D. S.*  
 Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,  
 Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I list-en with pride,

## ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel.

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near;  
 What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth  
 2. { What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Rob-in A-dair;  
 What made the ball so fine? Rob-in was there; } What, when the play was o'er,  
 3. { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair;  
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; } Yet him I loved so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A-dair.  
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A-dair.  
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A-dair.

# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

a - go;  
a - go?  
a - go,  
*Fine.*  
- go.  
- go.  
- go.  
*D. S.*  
ve roved,  
ach word,  
th pride,  
*Appel:*  
and mirth  
as o'er,  
so well,  
dair.  
dair.  
dair.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The  
2. When war winged its wide des-o-lation, And threatened the land to de-form, The  
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-ers hom-age to thee. Thy  
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With her  
wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the

mandates make he-roes as-sen-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy  
gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
serv-ice, a-ni-ver-sary, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue; When  
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue; The  
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

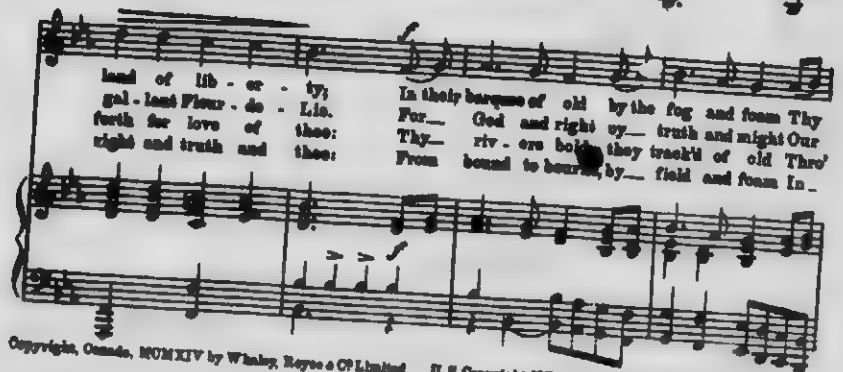
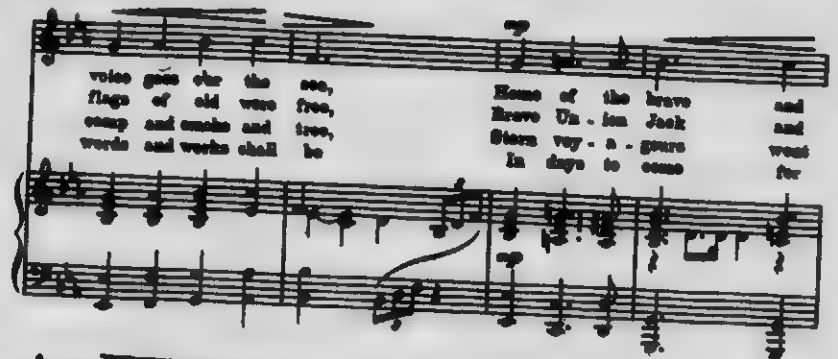
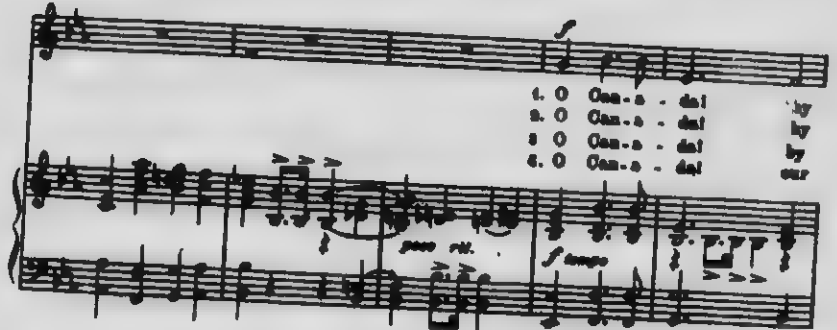
ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

# O CANADA!

Words by Augustus Bridle  
Musseton

Melody by G. Lavallée  
Arranged by J. Christopher Marks

PIANO



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Levante  
Maphor Marks

dim. *cresc.*

see men crowd the wave; On crest and crag they flung the flag, For the  
to there fought and fell; From sire to son this pray'r shall run. O —  
for out flood and foam! O'er seas of land by mountains grand, They  
hand and heart we bring This song of old from fa-ther's bold. Long

dim. *cresc.*

right, the free and brave  
guard this gun-der well  
reerd the north-man's home  
live our no-bis King

1-4 O Can a dat. —

*cresc.*

By field and farm — God save this glori-ous land where we were

*cresc.* *dim.*

*f* *rit.* *tempo*

room! O land of lib-er-ty! the north-man's home

*molto rit.* *solis voce*

O land of lib-er-ty! the north-man's home.

# THE FLAG WE LOVE

1. We are bear-ing the flag of the red, white, and blue. As  
 2. With the hon-ors of war-fare and strife brave-ly win, it has  
 3. March-ing on, march-ing on, with our face to the foe, 1st May we

At low-ship we stand— To our loved, Un-ion Jack we will  
 waved o'er land and sea; And tho' but-tered and scarred, still it  
 ne'er like cow-ards move; Truth and jus-tice A-head to re-

ev-er he true, Glori-ous 'em-blem of our land!  
 sails proud-ly on— 'Tis the 'chan-nel of the free!  
 pei-er-ry blow, — 'Tis the shield, the flag we love!

# HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne.

H. W. Bishop.

1. Mid pleas-ure and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so  
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my  
 3. As ex-cite from home splen-dor daz-zles in vain, Oh, give me

ham-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there,  
 moth-er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door,  
 dowl-y thatched cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gay-ly, that come at my call,

8. *First Refrain.* *D. S.*

Which, seen thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. }  
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dear-er than all. }

D. S.— There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.



# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

23

M. C. W.

H. G. Work.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the au - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

spir - it that will start the world a - long—  
gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found!  
hon - ored flag they had not seen for years;  
reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast,  
lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main;

Sing it as we used to sing it,  
How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven  
Hard - ly could they be restrained from  
Had they not for - got, a - las, to  
Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -

D. S.—So we sang the cho - rus from At -  
FINE. CHORUS.

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.  
start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.  
break - ing forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.  
reck - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.  
sist - ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! we

lan - ce to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

D. S.

bring the ja - ba - leel Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

## SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)



Scotland's burning. Scotland's burning. Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

# "It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Piano

*Allegro con spirito*

JACK JUDGE & HARRY WILLIAMS

He to might-ty Lon-don an Ir-ish man one day,  
Pad-dy wrote a let-ter to his Ir-ish Mol-ly O,  
Mol-ly wrote a neat re-ply Ir-ish Pad-dy O,

As the street are paved with gold, sure ev-ry-one was gay;  
Say-ing, "Should you not re-ceive it, write and let me know!  
Say-ing, "Mike Ma-lon-ey wants to mar-ry me, and so

Sing-ing songs of Pic-ca-dil-ly, Strand and Leice-ster Square, Till  
"If I make mis-takes in 'spell-ing," Mol-ly dear," said he, "Re-  
Leave the Strand and Pic-ca-dil-ly, or you'll be to blame, For

Pad-dy got ex-cit-ed, then he shout-ed then there:-  
mem-ber it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me"  
love has fair-ly drove me sil-ly- hop-ing you're the same!"

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It's a long way to Tip - per - ar - y.

*p-f*

It's a long way to go. It's a

long way to Tip - per - ar - y.

sweet - est girl

Good - - bye. Ho - ca - di - y.

Fare - well. Leis - ter Square. It's a long, long

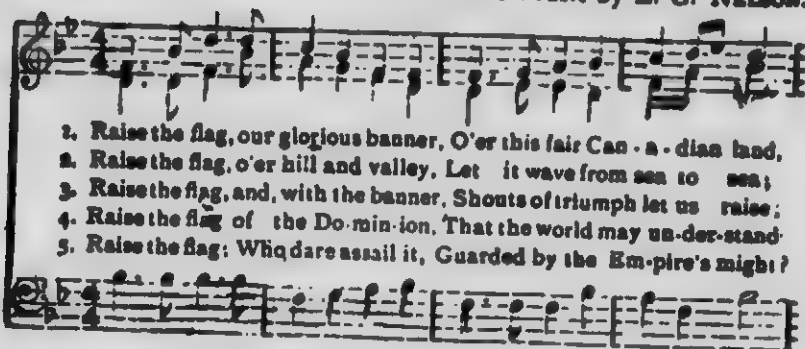
way to Tip - per - ar - y. But my heart's right

there! "It's a there!" D.C. ♯.

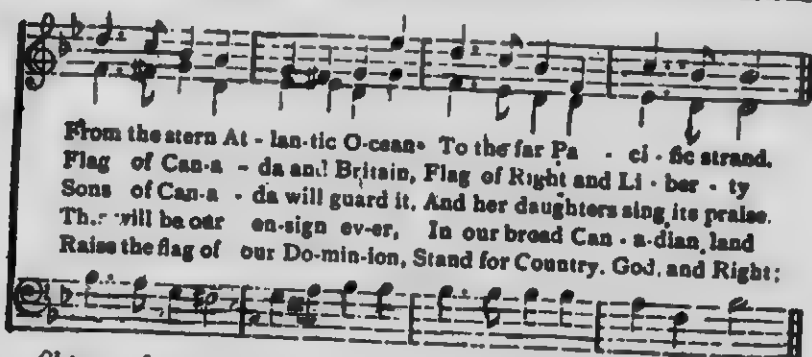
# RAISE THE FLAG.

*Moderate.*

Words and Music by E. G. NELSON.

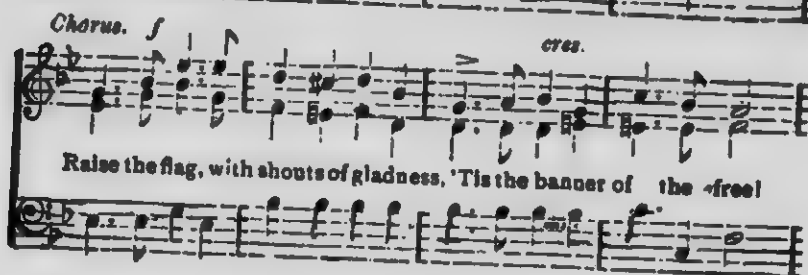


1. Raise the flag, our glorious banner, O'er this fair Can - a - dian land,
2. Raise the flag, o'er hill and valley, Let it wave from sea to sea;
3. Raise the flag, and, with the banner, Shouts of triumph let us raise;
4. Raise the flag of the Do-min-ion, That the world may un-der-stand
5. Raise the flag: Who dare assail it, Guarded by the Em-pire's might?




From the stern At - lan-tic O-cean To the far Pa - ci - fic strand,  
 Flag of Can-a - da and Britain, Flag of Right and Li - ber - ty  
 Sons of Can-a - da will guard it, And her daughters sing its praise.  
 This will be our en-sign ev-er, In our broad Can - a - dian land  
 Raise the flag of our Do-min-ion, Stand for Country, God, and Right;

*Chorus. f*



*cres.*

Raise the flag, with shouts of gladness, 'Tis the banner of the free!



*rall*

Bright-ly gleaming, proudly streaming, 'Tis the Flag of Li - ber - ty.

## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in  
 2. im-mor-tal pa-tri-ot's rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with  
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with  
 4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-  
 im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of  
 loud ap-prise, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-prise; Let ev-ry clime to free-dom dear  
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-depend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful  
 toll and blood the well-earned prize. While off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a  
 Lis-ten with a joy-ful ear. With a-qual skill, with God-like pow'r, He gov-erns in the  
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

## CHORUS

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize. Let its al-tar reach the skies.  
 man-ly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev-ry scheme of bondage fall.  
 fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace.  
 lambie's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib-er-ty.

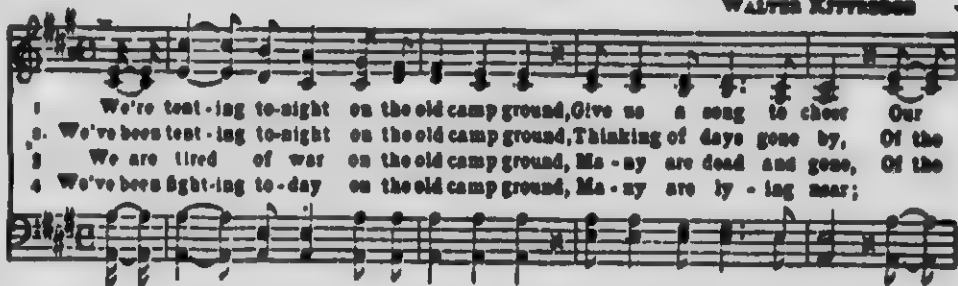
Firm, u-ni-ted,

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

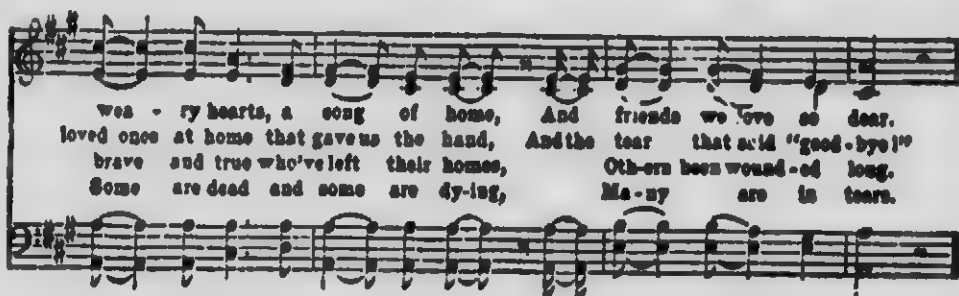


## We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTSBOM

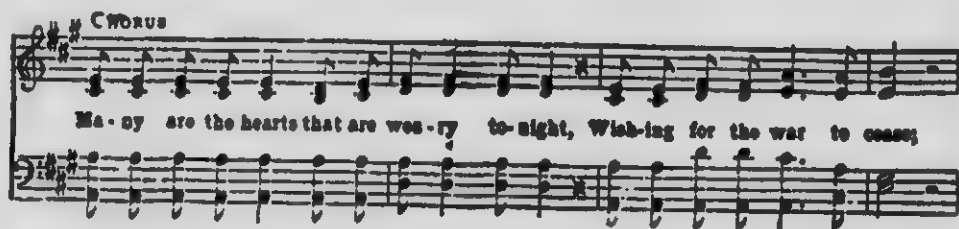


1 We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our  
 2 We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the  
 3 We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the  
 4 We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;

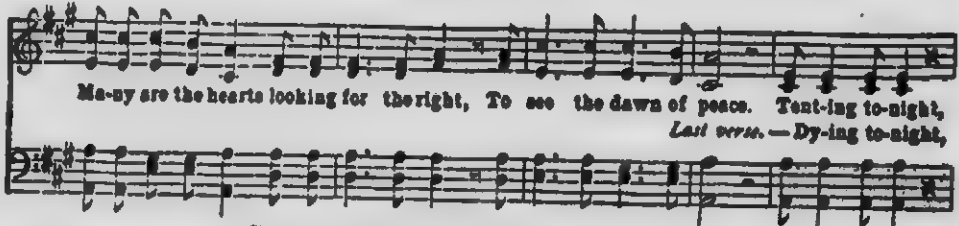


wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.  
 loved once at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"  
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.  
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Ma-ny are in tears.

**CHORUS**

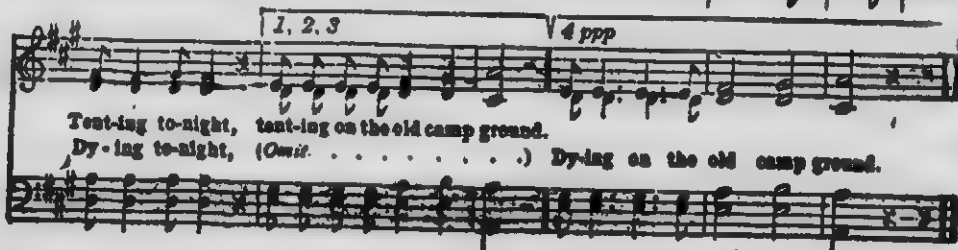


Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;



Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,  
*Last verse. — Dy-ing to-night,*

*1, 2, 3* *V 4 ppp*



Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.  
 Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit. . . . .*) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

## Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green brakes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-ber-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy murmuring stream. Flow gen-tly, sweet  
clear-ming rills! There dai-ly I won-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my  
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-on thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the  
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-  
flow'rs, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in you thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed  
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild  
brakes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a -

lap-wing, thy screaming be-ear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.  
evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me,  
sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

## MY MARYLAND.

J. S. R. Randall.

1. The deep-sea's heart is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! His torch is at thy  
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's ap-peal, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! My Moth-er State, to  
 3. Thou wilt not c-o-w-e-r in the dust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! A-venge the pa-tri-ot-ic gore That  
 thou I kneel! Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy  
 nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-

becked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!  
 peer-less chiv-al-ry re-veal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!  
 mem-ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slum-b'ers with the just, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!

## GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

## THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. 2. 3.  
 Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
 4.  
 She cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice!

# OLD BLACK JOE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,  
 friends come not a - gain? Grief - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go,  
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS.

I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing. For my

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

## Three Little Kittens

TENORS  
 1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;  
 BASSES

After last stanza

Said the { first  
 second  
 third } little kitten un - to the { other two  
 little cats, } { If you don't get  
 out of this, then } I must; That's all.

## The Campbells are Coming

Lively &amp;

Old Scotch Air

The Campbells are com - in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com - in', O,

ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The

Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I  
2. The great Ar - gyle, he  
3. The Camp-bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to  
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,  
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban-ners rat - tle

bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The  
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! The  
in . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! The

